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T O T H E
Rev. Mr. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.



[Price Two-pence.]

1770 φ

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LETTER

TO THE

Reverend Mr. TOPLADY.

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The genuine Sentiments of Persons
profited by his late Writings.

AND NOW MADE PUBLIC.

For the BENEFIT of MANKIND.



LONDON:

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1770.

LETTER

TO THE

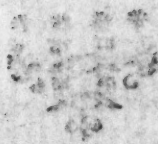
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LONDON :

PRINTED IN THE YEAR, MDCCLXXXII.

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LETTER, &c.

Reverend and dear Sir,

WE the impenitent, and profligate Sinners, into whose Hands your late Performance (Intituled, The Doctrine of Absolute Predestination stated and asserted) has fallen, think it a Duty incumbent upon us, in the most grateful Terms, and in the most public Manner, to acknowledge the high Obligations we are under to you, for the unspeakable Favour you have done us therein.

Dear

Dear Sir, you well knew the unhappy Situation we were in, and your compassionate Heart pitied our Distress, and sent us seasonable Relief.

Our Enemies were of two Sorts, inward and outward. Our inward Enemy was Conscience ; which to your immortal Praise (be it spoken) you have conquered, by stifling her. And our other Enemies, of which we shall speak presently you are at open War with ; and we hope to see them soon quit the Field, and leave you Conqueror ; which done we shall be delivered out of the Hands of all that plague us, and be enabled to serve the Devil without Fear, in Sin and Wickedness all the Days of our Lives.

Conscience, before you took her in Hand, was a continual Torment to us, we had no Rest from her Upbraidings by Day, or by Night ; but you have *done* for her ; two or three of your masterly Strokes, has brought her

her down. She began to stagger, when you affirmed in an *unlimited* Sense, that all Things are of God: for then we were able to confront her, when she twitted us with our *Doing*, and tell her we sinned by Commission, and had a Licence for what we did. But when you farther told us that God's adorable Will is the Spring and Cause of all Things, and that all Things are decreed by Him, (Sin not excepted) it brought her to the Ground. But the finishing Stroke of All, was, that *noble* Sentence,

“What ever is, is **RIGHT.**”

A Sentence, which for its Utility, ought to be wrote in Letters of *Gald*, upon the Door of every Bawdy-house, upon the Top of every Gaming-table, upon the Pistol of every Highway-man, upon the Sword of every Murderer, and in the Heart of every Sinner who would live comfortable in his Sins. Glorious Words! Memorable Weapon!

But

But more glorious, more memorable
the Hand of our August Conqueror,
who has effectually slain our daily
Tormentor, our troublesome In-
mate.

Pleasure would not amuse her.
Gold would not bribe her. Hogs-
heads of Wine, Beer, and Brandy
would not drown her. The nine-
lived Monster would not be conquer-
ed by any of them. But the strong
Arm of the Vicar of Hembury has
laid her low. Many have done glori-
ously, but you have excelled them all.

Excuse, Sir, our Prolixity on
this Occasion; the Overflowing of
our Hearts give Volubility to our
Tongues. We cannot, we ought
not to suppress our Joy at having
the Enemy of our carnal Pleasures
destroy'd. We can now sin with-
out dreading the cruel Lashes of our
old Foe. Happy Deliverance from
the galling Yoke, and the curbing
Bridle of Conscience! Our Chil-
drens Children for Ages to come, if
they

they tread in the Steps of their Fathers, will have Reason to praise you for their happy Deliverance. And if your Conscience-fearing, and Sin-soothing Doctrine is heartily embraced, your Name will be precious and venerable, while the Prince of this World has any faithful Subjects remaining upon Earth.

O Sir ! Our Happiness cannot be expressed, the glorious Consideration that " Whatever is, is Right," gives Vigour to every sensual Desire of our Hearts, and makes us Sin with a Guilt unknown to a Legalist. But we need not enlarge upon this, as there are no pleasing Sensations arising from your Doctrine which you do not enjoy. Who would not rejoice to fill up their Department in Life, and discharge the pleasing Office assign'd them from everlasting ! What Folly, what Cruelty to ourselves, have we been guilty of in Times past, in endeavouring to break the Chain of Eternal Decrees ! O happy and ever
memo-

memorable Month of November 1769! It was then our Eyes were opened. It was then, the great Luminary arose and enlightened our benighted Hemisphere.

Go on great Sir, and prosper, continue as you have begun, to vilify, and blacken the Characters of all who oppose your System. When you can find a Blemish, magnify it to a Mountain. And where none appear, *make* them. Rake up all the scandalous Reports that have ever been raised concerning them; and we your faithful Adherents, will *add* to, and propagate them. Treat them as the Scum of the Earth, they justly deserve it; especially those two busy Fellows, Wh—d, and Wef—y. It would fill Volumes to relate, the Plague they have been to us; early and late; in Season, and out of Season, are they haranguing us upon the Necessity of Repentance, and a Change of Life. Nay, they are such Enemies to the good Cause you have espoused, that
they

they positively declare, in direct Opposition to the glorious, and comfortable Doctrine you maintain, that all we do is *wrong*. Would their own Bounds content them, and their Tabernacles hold them, the Evil would not be so great, and might be avoided. But they follow us into the open Fields, and pitch their Rostrums in the High-ways, that we cannot pass without being molested by them, bidding us flee from the Wrath to come. O Sir! Had they the Wisdom you are endowed with, they would not spend their Strength to so little Purpose; for how can we flee, who are held in the adamantine Chain, of an irreversible Decree.

Nor are they content with thus being a Plague to Sinners in general, but if we are heard to swear a fashionable Oath, they immediately take upon them to reprove us, or thrust a Paper into our Hand, bidding us *swear not at all*, with I know not how many dreadful Threat-

Threatnings following it. If we are a little merrier than common, we are sure to be snubbed by them, or have a Paper given us to read at our Leisure; in short, it is impossible to bear their Insults. They have us every Way. And they find their Account in it, for there is scarcely a Week passes, but some unwary Person or other, who is not well established in your Doctrine deserts us, and if they are thus suffered to go on, your numerous Friends and Adherents will be greatly diminished. We have opposed them with all our might, but they gain Ground upon us. Is there no way to get these bawling Belweathers Mouths stopped? I know you wish it as well as we, but, Rome was not built in a Day. We must wait the happy Event.

But dear Sir, if this was accomplished, there is yet one Thing remaining, before we can enjoy the Comforts of your Doctrine in their full Extent; it is this. The Laws
of

of the Land are against us. Now could you get them repealed, your Work would be compleat. You say the Church is on your Side. Use your utmost Interest with the Higher-Powers, for why should *human* Laws oppose what you say are *divine* Decrees? Is it fit any Man should suffer for doing the Will of Heaven? Or is it reasonable, that we who have neither Appetite for, nor Expectation of, or Right to any Pleasures, but what are Sensual, Carnal, and Devilish, should be deprived of them? And as there is not the least Prospect of our being happy after Death, every one must allow it is our highest Point of Wisdom, to make the most of a short Life and enjoy the Pleasures thereof while we may; And is it not Cruelty to torment us before our Time?

And what are Laws to us, who never had it in our Power to keep them? And if all our Thoughts, Words, and Actions are the Effects of an *irresistable Decree*. With what Justice are we compelled to suffer such

such Penalties as the Breach of the Laws require?

Every reasonable Person must acknowledge the Equity of what we now offer, and will easily discern, that your glorious and heart-comforting Doctrine, and *penal* Laws, are incompatible with each other.

Let our *noble* Captain therefore be endow'd with the Wisdom of Ahitophel, and the Courage of Alexander. Let him break through every Opposition; let him surmount every Difficulty; let his incomparable Abilities, both natural and acquired, be vigorously exerted, and his utmost Art displayed, in endeavouring to bring about so desirable an Event. The Cause, the long deserted Cause of Liberty requires it. And the hearty Wishes, and best Endeavours, shall not be wanting in

Reverend Sir,

Your faithful Adherents,
and much obliged Admirers.
harden d Sinners of all Sorts.